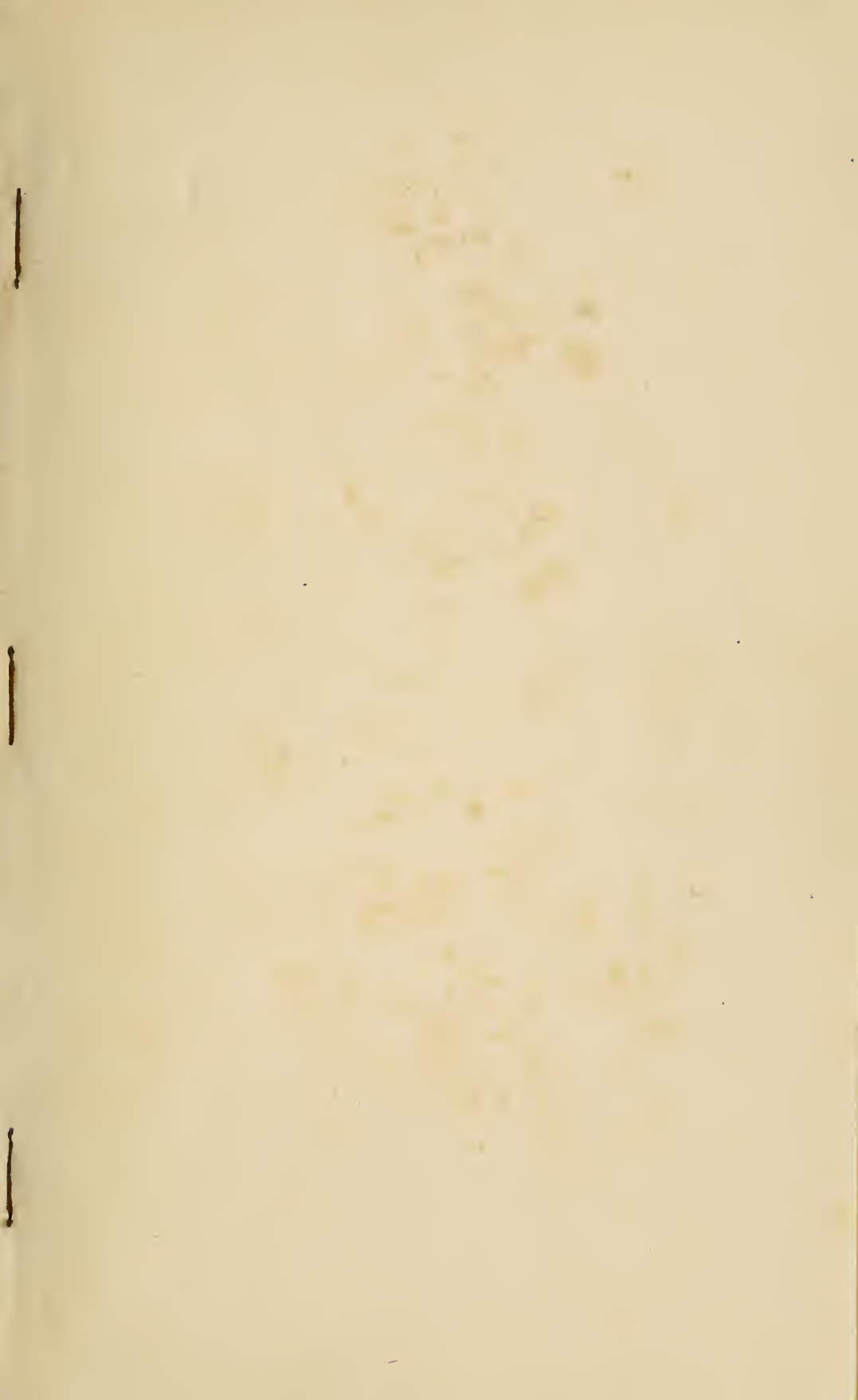


Coy Meeks

The ORION

ANDERSON COLLEGE :: ANDERSON, S. C.

CHRISTMAS - NUMBER 1924





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“Deck the halls with holly,
'Tis the season to be jolly;
See the blazing yule before us,
Strike the harp and join the chorus:
Fast away the old year passes—
Hail the new, ye lads and lassies.”



ANDERSON COLLEGE IDEAL

*A healthy, Christian gentlewoman, doing her work
accurately, completely and happily*

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THE ORION

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No. 1

One Silent Night

On a cold winter's night, o'er Judean plain

There shone a wondrous star, a Savior to proclaim.
From afar came wise men, their gifts to bring,
Of gold, frankincense, and myrrh to worship the
King.

Far away from mighty Herod, in a stall at Bethlehem,
The Christ-child lay in keeping, no room there
was for him.

Lo, amid the stillness, hovering angels did sing,
Tidings of great joy, peace and good will to men.
The solemn earth was hushed with awe, as the heavens
echoed the sound,

Quoth Sage, Seer, and Prophet alike, "The Prom-
ised Messiah is found".

Once again Immanuel's name resounds throughout the
earth,

And again this Christmas tide we celebrate his
birth.

The ages continue the story, thrilling the heart of man;
Repeating the glory and wonder that the first
Christmas began.

—OCTAVIA JEFFRIES, '25.

Were Matches Made In Heaven?

MARY Elizabeth Sutton literally danced up Broadway. No, she was not a chorus girl but a very serious minded young student of Columbia University. One glance into her eager enthusiastic young face would have convinced you that she was, also, not a blase' New Yorker. Mary had come all the way from a sunny, Southern home for two reasons. To learn, of course, was one of them, but that was not the main reason. Mary, though only nineteen, had had a past—a past with a man in it. A very handsome and alluring sort of man. Mary had become engaged to this wonderful man and on account of a mere trifle they had quarreled and she had come all the way from Portersville, Alabama, just to spite him.

What a multitude of little fervent, incomplete thoughts passed through her seething brain: Was three months fully long enough to wait to write? Was Ben's punishment complete? Yes, she had decided that three months from the day she arrived in New York she would write, telling her incorrigible lover he was forgiven for all that he had done. It really hadn't been any crime that Ben had committed. He had simply been a little too nice to Alice Everett, one of her best friends at home, and now that Mary Elizabeth had thought the matter over, she realized that he had probably done it for her sake. She was afraid she had been a little too cruel for they had been engaged for six whole months when she had suddenly let her abominable temper get the best of her. How well did she remember last August thrusting the precious diminutive diamond into the unwilling hands of Ben, and with the emphatic words, "Never darken my door again," she had slammed that same door of hers in his

face and to this day that was the last she had heard of Ben.

Mary's thoughts had so completely left Broadway and were so entirely concerned with Ben and how badly he had been treated that she came near upsetting a young man perched on a small ladder in the act of arranging posters on the side of a show window.

"I beg your pardon," said Mary, picking up the poster which she had so clumsily knocked down, glancing at it as she did so.

"Oh! 'Were Matches Made in Heaven?' so that's running now. Um, I just wonder if they are made there."

"Doubt it, Miss," was the glum reply of the worldly wise New Yorker.

Mary walked on. She hadn't found a Yankee yet who had even a spark of sentiment. Ben had always held to the theory that matches were made in heaven. She smiled as she recalled the heated arguments they had had on the subject though inwardly she had agreed with all he had said. She would certainly enjoy seeing the matinee this afternoon. The play had been widely advertised as solving the mystery of the mating of souls, and Mary was not exactly indifferent concerning such matters.

A few steps more around the curve of 114th Street and Mary was entering G. Hall. When at last she reached her small collegiate room, books went in one direction and hat in another. Seated at her desk she grasped her fountain pen with a vengeance. She gazed unseeing at the little hole in the plastering which she had been in the habit of digging into when trying to concentrate, and began to write. Now Mary had lain awake night after night composing this letter, like all good conscientious lovers will do; but to have seen the enormous frown in her forehead and the disturbed

expression in her eyes, one would have thought she had never written a letter of any kind before. Six or eight sheets of the exquisite stationery fell to the waste paper basket before this gem of literature was finally completed. Mary placed it in the middle of her desk and moved back to her bed in order to get a better view of it. What a lot one small letter could do, thought Mary, unconsciously building some great airy castles in which she and Ben were the most prominent persons. Then she thought of how poor Ben must have suffered and how happy he would be to see that small white envelope in his box,—this one small letter which was so artfully composed as to make all wrong things right. At any rate he would be very, very careful after this about trifling with her feelings and would not be too attentive, even to her best friends.

But universities never delay classes on account of love affairs and so with a dash of powder on the end of her nose and a few vigorous brushes at her short hair she was on her way to class, having missed lunch—but for a good cause.

Mary was in such a hilarious humor that Sam, the elevator boy, could not fail to notice it.

“Ain’t seed you smile like that since you been up here,” remarked Sam who had just recently received serious disillusionings as to the surplus wealth of the north, but had not allowed these disappointments to affect his disposition.

“Well, Sam, you’ll probably see me smile more than this about next Monday,” was the reply, for Mary had already made an exact estimate of when she would receive the answer from Ben which she was sure he would write immediately. They had reached the landing by this time and there was the postman just bringing the mail. She’d give him the all important letter but first a glance at her mail. There wasn’t much—a

Portersville Daily News, and what looked like an invitation. It was probably some reception; why were people always inviting her to things she couldn't go to, thought the unappreciative Mary, impatiently tearing open the envelope. Yes, that was what it was—an invitation. She read:

Mr. and Mrs. William Jennings Everett

Request the honor of your presence
at the marriage of their daughter

Alice

to

Mr. Benjamin George Wheeler

Mary got no further but sank lifelessly to the nearest chair. For once Mary Elizabeth Sutton did not think. The good natured elevator boy gave her a distressed, questioning look.

"Here, Sam, keep my books. I've just got time to get a ticket to "Were Matches Made in Heaven."

BABBIE SULLIVAN, '24.

L'Allegro and Il Penseroso

L'ALLEGRO and Il Penseroso are often called companion poems. This is evident when we understand that the title L'Allegro in Italian means the joyful or carefree man, and Il Penseroso in Italian means the thoughtful or melancholy man. Thus these poems represent two moods, and, as is usually believed, two moods of the same man. Milton pictures a typical day as the man would naturally spend it, first, when in a joyful humor and, then, when in a more serious and thoughtful mood. Both poems are made up of pictures, mostly outdoor pictures, held together by the mood of the man on that day. Therefore these poems, being pictures of simple outdoor life, are called pastoral idylls.

Milton follows practically the same plan in both poems. They are alike in plan and different in content. First he bids one mood good-bye and calls another. He tells where each mood dwells and the parents of each. Next he tells the companions he wants each mood to bring. In A'Allegro he wants Mirth to bring her characteristic companions: Jest, Jollity, Quips, Cranks, Wanton Wiles, Nods, Becks, Wreathed Smiles, Sport, Laughter holding both her sides, and Liberty. In Il Penseroso he asks Melancholy to bring such necessary companions as Peace, Quiet, Spare Fast, Leisure, Contemplation, and Silence. Then he gives the description of the typical day of the man in each mood. In the last two lines of each poem he draws a conclusion. In L'Allegro he writes,

"These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live."

And in Il Penseroso,

"These pleasures Melancholy give,
And I with thee will choose to live."

Milton exhibits great skill in the use of the Eng-

lish language in both poems. After reading them we realize that even our language through its tone and rhythm is an expression of our moods. In *L'Allegro* his description of Mirth as "buxom, blithe, and debonair" puts us in the mood of the poem; they have such a light, airy, joyful sound. The same is true of the lines,

"Come and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe"

and

"Of linked sweetness, long drawn out."

In fact the rhythm of the whole poem is in perfect harmony with the mood. And the same is true of *Il Penseroso*, though this time the mood and movement are more dignified and sober. Melancholy is pictured as "sober, steadfast, and demure", and somehow unconsciously we enter into her mood and become thoughtful. She comes with "even step and musing gate."

Milton is fond of using alliteration; that is, using three or more words in the same line which begin with the same letter. For example, in *Il Penseroso* he describes the curfew as "swinging low with sullen roar." He also uses a great many references to Greek Mythology. This is probably due to the fact that he read so many of the Classics during his boyhood that the characters in Mythology became almost real to him. By way of illustration, in *L'Allegro* he refers to the story of Orpheus and Eurydice. Orpheus, the God of Music, played so well that even the stones and trees and beasts were moved by his music and by it he even drew his wife Eurydice forth from Hades, but lost her because he looked back to see whether or not she was coming. Melancholy and Mirth are both descended from Greek Gods and Goddesses. There are references to Hymen, the God of Marriage, to Jove, to Pluto,

and others of the Gods as well as to Robin Goodfellow and Fairy Mab.

The poems contain exquisite descriptions of country life and show Milton's love of the beautiful as well as his studious nature. In *L'Allegro* when Milton is describing the surroundings of the shepherd's cottage, he writes:

“Russet lawns and fallows grey,
Where nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breasts
The laboring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim, with daises pied,
Shallow brooks and rivers wide;
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks.”

In *Il Penseroso* the following lines give a vivid picture of the “wandering moon”:

“Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.”

If we were to spend the day described in *L'Allegro* with the Joyful man we would be awakened by the lark in the early morning. Then, as Milton writes, we would see the dappled dawn rise and bid us good morrow. The cock would be heard crowing in the barnyard. “The hounds and horn cheerly rouse the slumbering morn.” Then we would take a walk in the country. We would not want to walk unseen as we would if we were in a thoughtful mood, but we would want to be with people. Here we would see the whistling ploughman and the milkmaid singing at her work. As we walked along we could see a great castle in the distance, and near at hand we could see the cottage of some shepherd. Then as evening comes

we would go to a cottage in a small hamlet on the mountain side where the young people are dancing. When night comes on we would sit around the fire and listen to them tell stories about Robin Goodfellow, the mischievous fairy, and how people placed a bowl of cream at the door to insure his help, and to prevent his mischief. On going back to the city we would go to see, or probably read, a comedy. The joyful man would want music even sweeter than the music of Orpheus to lull him to sleep.

Now let us spend a while with the thoughtful man. Instead of hearing the lark in early morning it is more appropriate for his day to begin with hearing the nightingale sing at evening. Since the beginning of *Il Penseroso's* day is at a different time from that of *L'Allegro*, he sees the moon rise instead of the sun. The curfew rings out "over some wide-watered shore." During the night the thoughtful man gazes at the stars. He sits up all night and instead of reading a comedy he reads tragedies and philosophies. As the morning comes, it may be foggy or even raining. Later on he goes out all alone into "twilight groves" and by some brook hides himself from "day's garish eye." There he is lulled to sleep by the lovely dreamy murmuring of the stream. He enjoys, too, the deep notes of the organ instead of the light, joyful music described in *L'Allegro*.

Perhaps Milton has made *Il Penseroso* the longer poem because he is more in sympathy with that mood. He was of a thoughtful disposition himself. Milton has depicted admirably, I think, the two moods of a person. He has shown us how we color our surroundings by our moods, and how different surroundings and companions and pleasures appeal to us more at one time than another. He has really painted two pictures of two companion moods, the gayer being

done in lighter colors, and the more sober one in duller shades and shadows. This may be just the poetic expression of some of our everyday conversation. When we are feeling disconsolate we say, "Oh, I'm feeling so blue!" " In France when a person is feeling happy he says he is feeling "pink". Then too, we say of a thoughtful person sometimes, "he is in a 'brown' study." It does seem that our moods have color and that our glasses are more rose-colored at times than at others.

MILDRED CUNNINGHAM '28.

Rosemary

"There's Rosemary, that's for remembrance"

THE big old-fashioned house on the hill was stately and beautiful, with its gleaming white columns and attractive, colonial doorway. It had seen and experienced much, for the Thurston families for many generations had occupied it. The present family which owned it was a happy one on the whole. An attractive daughter and a stalwart son were the children. Mr. and Mrs. Thurston were middle-aged, well-to-do members of the small community of Belleville, and were the kind of parents that any child might be proud of—their hearts and souls and main interests were in their children.

Thomas, the son and older of the two, had finished school and was a prosperous lawyer in a large city some distance away. In his school days he had loved plenty of fun and frolic and after graduating had continued his round of pleasure on a larger scale. Occasionally he came back home on a short visit, but Belleville was "two slow—nothing doing", and less often and less often did he come home. Not that he meant to neglect dad and mother, but quite unconsciously that was the thing he was doing. He was making a big success, money was coming his way, and he complimented himself on being able to stand on his own feet so well.

The daughter was a dainty, attractive bit of femininity, full of life and energy, and by some she was thought to be a little frivolous. She loved excitement, and in the boarding school where she was, she and her intimate set were constantly on the go—searching for something new. Valerie seemed never to be fully satisfied, and as she became more grown up she was

more restless. She was quite devoted to her parents, but she too had been spending her vacations—Thanksgiving and Easter—with school friends, and explained to them at home that it wasn't that she did not want to be with them—"Oh, no! But Belleville was just an awful place to sit down and spend a vacation in, and there weren't enough boys and girls to stir up a thing", it was much nicer to go with her roommate who lived in a bigger place, and to go to dances and meet lots of new boys and—well, it was nicer all the way round.

Christmas was coming—that wonderful time when home ties should be strongest. In fact the holidays were right at hand. Valerie had been away at school since September, and Thomas had only been home once or twice in the whole past year. The family was always together for Christmas dinner—regardless, their being together was almost sacred, especially to Mr. and Mrs. Thurston.

But what was the matter? On the morning of the eighteenth Mrs. Thurston sat in a big arm chair with a perplexed look on her face, holding a letter in her hand. So Valerie, her baby girl, would prefer going home with her roommate who had promised her "the grandest time in the world", instead of coming home. "Please understand, mother dear," she had hastily written. But for the life of her she could not understand why Valerie would want to break the family record by not coming home for Christmas. There were plenty of other times she could and did visit school friends and she might at least keep Christmas for the family.

She heard her husband's step outside, and he strode into the room.

"Have bad news, Mary," he said, without looking at her. "Thomas has just phoned by long distance saying that he cannot possibly be home for Christmas.

Won't seem quite right, maybe, but anyway we'll have the girl with us."

"But Valerie wrote me she was going home with her roommate, so it seems that we will be alone for the holidays. What do you suppose is wrong, Henry? Do we not make home life interesting enough for them?" She asked this last question with a touch of pathos.

"I don't know exactly, Mary. They like to go to bigger places than Belleville for one thing, where there is a great deal more happening."

The father and mother sat quite silently for a few moments, gazing into the open fire. Already Christmas decorations were up—the pretty holly wreaths in the windows, the candles, and touches of evergreen about the cozy dining room. Just this morning Mrs. Thurston had planned the Christmas tree—the family had always had the tree even after the children were grown.

Valerie left Greenbrier Academy with her roommate Jeanette Abbey, whose home was in Washington, D. C. They were in high spirits, for they were planning fun by the wholesale. Dances, dates, and lots of other nice things were in store for them. Before they knew it, their good times had begun. City life was thrilling and the Abbeyes were so hospitable and lovely in every way.

Things were going nicely for Valerie—her idea of excitement was being carried out, she entered into everything with gaiety and vivacity, and her bright eyes danced with happiness. She enjoyed all the things she went to, and made many new friends. She found time, however, amid the rush to scribble off a short note to the homefolks, telling them what a lovely time she was having and that she missed them, but

knew they would have a pleasant Christmas. A prompt answer came from her mother—a sweet letter, which gave Valerie a little queer pang way down in her heart. “It will seem quite lonely and odd without you and Thomas,” Mrs. Thurston had written. “Your father and I had counted on your being here for Christmas by all means. I hope you have a pleasant visit—I am enclosing a check, and if you need anything let me know.”

Valerie thought for a moment. Was it a little mean of her to chase off somewhere else and not go home for Christmas? But she swallowed down the lump in her throat. They ought not to mind her going away, for she had explained everything to them anyway, and surely they did understand.

Two days before Christmas! Time was flying, and before they knew it, all would be over and then back to school. Valerie felt that she could live forever in the gay whirl she was experiencing.

The two girls had just been to the theater, and had come dancing in in joyous mood, but before going upstairs to their rooms, they stopped in the living room to chat with Jeanette’s mother, who sat before the bright, open fire. After a few minutes she spoke of the preparations being made for Christmas dinner—day after tomorrow.

“The rest of the children will come tomorrow,” she said, “and my, but it does do me good to see them come in. They wouldn’t miss being with us for anything in the world, and Christmas is the time of times for us.” She gazed into the fire with a tender look in her soft eyes, and Valerie looked closely at her. The silver in her hair, the little movements made with her hands—all reminded her in some way of her own mother. It was with a gentle proudness that she spoke of her children’s devotion to her, and an expression

of contentment was on her face. The little pang again made its entrance into Valerie's heart, and again she swallowed hard and tried to put it away.

It was quite late, and everyone in the house had retired but Valerie, who said she wanted to stay by the fire a little while longer. She dropped down on the rug, and the stillness of the room and the fact that she was alone soothed her. She was tired, anyway, and a trifle blue, though she would hardly admit it to herself. She glanced about her, and noticed that the room was quite cheery with its pretty decorations—the bright touches of red and green, the wreaths of holly. But the thing that affected her most was the good old open fire, and as she sat on the rug in front of it, the thoughts of home came stealing upon her. Tomorrow night would be Christmas Eve, and the first one in her life to be away from dad and mother. They had always sat on the big armchairs and she and Thomas, while they were small, had sat on their laps or at their feet while mother told them stories. As they grew larger, they had enjoyed the hours at the fireside, and as Valerie thought back now, they had really been the happiest and sweetest times of all—when they could shut out the outside world and feel secure and contented in their parents' presence.

Valerie's thoughts were broken into by a sound outside the window—music—Christmas Carols! Softly and beautifully came the words:

“Silent night, Holy night
All is calm, all is bright”.

The girl listened breathlessly as the carollers sang, and in the stillness of the night, the real meaning of Christmas found its way into her heart. Valerie did not try any longer to shut out the feeling that she ought to go home, for she knew absolutely that she must go. She would not have her parents with her always, and

their presence was too dear to put away for mere good time's sake, and that was what she had done. She must let them know that she did appreciate them, and would make them happy in every way possible. It would look silly for her to leave the Abbey's like this, she reflected at first. But then, she was determined to arrange it, and knew that it must be done.

The next morning she poured out her heart to Mrs. Abbey and Jeanette, and packing her things, was soon on the train, bound for the little town of Belleville, where everything was "slow—no excitement." But Valerie smiled to herself—it wasn't the excitement she wanted after all—it was the delicious sensation and deep feeling of contentment and real happiness that she wanted. Until last night she had not known what she really did want. She felt a wild desire to rush into her mother's arms, and it would not be long until she could.

In a far away city, many miles from Belleville on Christmas Eve, a handsome, tall young man surveyed himself in the mirror with a feeling of approval. His evening clothes fit him perfectly, and he felt sure he would enjoy the banquet that night. There was nothing to worry him, he was sure of himself, and knew he was a social asset in any group. He was conceited—as most men are to a certain degree—and gave himself a good deal of credit, for he had "made good", and still he had his share of pleasure.

The banquet was a joyous one; the people present were in the best spirits. Thomas Thurston found himself very happy, in the company of congenial friends, until he chanced to notice at the center of the table a lovely mass of violets. Violets! With a start, he remembered—they were his mother's favorite flowers, and he had always given her a huge bunch of them

on Christmas day. By the way, tomorrow was the day, and he had not thought a breath about sending the flowers. He must do that yet, even if it were late, and then he dismissed the thought and gave himself up to the enjoyment of the feast. But to his dismay the thoughts of his carelessness stayed with him and stung his conscience. It must have been due to the haunting fragrance of those violets. He could not forget. The thought of home and parents persisted in staying with him, and late at night after returning to his room, his mood had entirely changed. He thought hard, and knew this was not the first time he had been thoughtless of his parents. He went to the mirror and looked at himself, this time with not so much pride as he did earlier in the evening.

"You are just a conceited ass", he said out loud to the man who looked back at him from the mirror. "Think you are great, don't you? Give yourself every bit of the credit for all the success that has come to you, when you deserve mighty little."

He sat down heavily. Why had he so completely forgotten about the homefolks this Christmas? They were always so glad to have him with them, and of late, he had not seen them at all save for one or two quick trips. After a little debating and considerable reflection, he packed his clothes, and early in the morning was on a fast, South-bound train, and his ticket read "To Belleville".

It was Christmas Eve, and Mr. and Mrs. Thurston were sitting alone in front of the open fire in the living room. There was for some reason a long silence, neither of them could find reason to talk. The dinner was in a state of preparation and there would be just as many tempting Christmas dishes as always, but it was with a tug at her heart that Mrs. Thurston thought of the two lone plates laid on the table. Probably

memories of Christmases before this were in the minds of the lonely couple—memories of the mischievous little boy and the tiny girl who always filled the house with laughter and merriment.

They were sitting thus quietly—together, when the outside door opened, and quick footsteps were heard in the hall. Looking around, who did they see rushing in but Valerie! She ran toward them with a glad little yell—

“Oh Mother! I just couldn’t miss being with you and Dad on Christmas! Oh yes, I was enjoying my visit at Jeanette’s but somehow it didn’t seem quite right not to have Christmas holidays at home. I’m so glad I got here on Christmas Eve. Oh, I don’t believe I could have stood not being with you then! It was mean of me to think of going anywhere else for Christmas, and as long as I live I’ll never do it again. Oh, Dad and Mother, you don’t know how much I love you!”

Half crying and half laughing, Valerie seated herself in front of the merry fire, and the feeling of contentment—the one she had longed for the night before—came over her. A glance at her parents’ faces alone would have repaid her, for they were immensely pleased and their countenances were beaming.

The conversation drifted into different channels; then finally they spoke of Thomas’s absence. Valerie felt that she would like to give him a wicked little slap for not coming.

That Christmas Eve was quite happily spent by the three people in the old-fashioned homestead on the hill. From the windows were seen the wreaths of holly, and inside, all was warmth, coziness, and peace. Softly shaded lights and the firelight, the Christmas tree in one corner, touches of evergreen and holly, and Christmas bells bedecked the house. To make

the picture more cheery were the sweet refined mother and father, and happy young daughter, but they all knew that one more person was needed to make the home complete.

Christmas day was nearing its close, when the telephone rang. Valerie ran quickly and answered.

"Yes, oh, is it you, Thomas? Well, what—Oh, you've come all the way home? For goodness sake, come on down. We can't wait to see you. Yes, we're all here."

"Mother", she said, "what do you think? Thomas just came in on the late train!"

In a few moments Thomas dashed into the room.

"Well, Mother", he said, "couldn't get off any earlier to come home and you don't know how mean I feel. I left early this morning and it seemed that I would never reach here. Oh, yes, Mother, here are your violets. Thought I had forgotten them, didn't you? Not on your life—and I'll never be so behind time again."

HATTIE ROBERTS, '27.

A Christmas Prayer

As shepherds watched their flock by night,
They heard the angels say,
"Be led by yonder star so bright
To Bethlehem far away.

"To you this day a King is born,
To bring good will to men;
A manger is his crib till morn,
No room is in the inn."

'Tis now the season to rejoice
When we with one accord,
With fervent hearts and glad voice
Sing praises to our Lord.

O Christ, be born again today
Within each waiting heart;
Abide with us always, we pray,
The Source of Peace, Thou art.

NORINE BROCK, '25.

Shylock, The Jew

SHYLOCK is the strong character of The Merchant of Venice. The first words that he utters, "Three thousand ducats—well," are spoken slowly, distinctly, and with precision. He seems to be pondering, considering, weighing, and looking at the situation from all angles. He was a wise old money changer. He had been schooled by experience in the hard world which was especially cold to the Jews during his time. He is no fool by any means. But he knows how to take care of himself and of his money. He is very intelligent and knows well the history of his race. He understands the conditions and the public opinion of the Gentiles regarding the Jews at that time. He is always determined in his manner and tenacious in his purpose. His own words, "By my soul I swear there is no power in the tongue of man to alter me," reveal this fact.

The cruel side of his character is portrayed in his dealings with Antonio. He has not one spark of mercy in his soul. He says and seems to rejoice so he says the words, "I will have the heart of him if he forfeit." Then in the court scene he seems to gloat and exult like an old miser counting his money as he read from the bond, "Nearest his heart: those are the very words."

He loves his ducats better than anything or anybody on earth,—yea even better than his own daughter, Jessica. When he is told that his daughter has eloped with a Christian and carried his ducats and jewels with him, he seems to be more concerned and worried about his money and jewels than he is about Jessica. He goes up and down the streets of Venice, crying:

“Oh my Christian ducats!
Justice the law! My ducats and my daughter!
A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!
And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious
stones,

Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl!”

Then again he cries out to old Tubal, his friend,
“I would that my daughter were dead at my foot, and
the jewels in her ear!” These speeches spoken when
he is excited reveal the lack of fineness in his character.

Shylock's hatred for the Christians is very pronounced. Yet it seems only natural and human that he should hate them. The Gentiles call him and the other Jews dogs and misbelievers. Why should not he hate them? Few Christians return love for hate or good for evil. So when Antonio enters Shylock's place of business, Shylock remarks:

“How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him for he is a Christian.
But more for that, in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.”

So because Antonio scorns his religion, brings down the rate of usance, and insults him, and because his own daughter Jessica elopes with a Christian, Shylock hates the Gentiles. But the pathetic side of this hatred by his associates is seen in the conversation that he has with Salanio and Salarino when he says: “Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not

bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us shall we not revenge?"

"The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction," said Shylock. And he fulfills the meaning that is conveyed by these words. The only reason that he gives Salanio and Salarino for taking Antonio's flesh, if he forfeits it, is that it will feed his revenge. Revenge to the old Jew who has lost his ducats, his daughter, his jewels, his stones and rings, is the only thing that he desires.

But alas, instead of finding that "Revenge is sweet" he finds that he is cowed, cursed, defeated, homeless, and penniless. He cannot cut the pound of flesh from Antonio's bosom because he cannot have one jot of his blood. Then like a cowed dog he says, "Give me my principal and let me go." But no, he gets not a penny! What property and wealth remains of his estate is confiscated by the state because by indirect attempt he sought the life of a citizen of Venice. Then in a heartbroken sob he says:

"Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that
You take my house, when you take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live."

Shylock is a representative of the Jews as a nation. He knows that he is hated by the people among whom he is living but he is proud of his race and of his heritage just the same. He and his people have to pay heavy taxes. Their only hope is revenge which they may some day get by their cunning.

Shylock, like all Jewish merchants, was thrifty. And because they are so proud and thrifty the Gentiles hate them more than ever. But no persecution has ever subdued this proud, thrifty, dauntless, relig-

ious nation. Outwardly separated and disorganized, they remain united and strong.

Shylock is more and more as time passes coming to be regarded as a tragic rather than as a comic figure. There is nothing in his character that seems comical today. He is too strong and determined, intelligent, and hard hearted, and at the same time pathetic, to be a comic character. I think the reason why he now appeals to us as a tragic character is that the public opinion regarding the Jews has changed. We do not hate the Jews as the people of the sixteenth century did. Therefore, the public opinion, the local atmosphere, and the environment which made the Jews subject to ridicule, scorn, and hatred during the sixteenth century, has changed. Today we pity them because they are a people without a country. Things which Shylock spoke to Salarino and Salanio were funny and they laughed at his misfortune, at his downfall, and at his defeat. Today the world has grown more humane and instead of laughing at the old Jew we pity him.

SLIP SHEETS

The Statue of Hebe

(A DESCRIPTION OF FORM)

THE Statue of Hebe, cupbearer to the Gods, is one of airy grace and beauty that cannot be seen even in the statue of the much famed Venus. She is a gentle "slip of a girl", lightly poised with one foot forward as if walking or half dancing against the breeze, with a fawn-like movement. Her slim body with its graceful curves of youth is plainly definable through her thin, filmy skirt, and she is nude from her waist up. One hand holds forward a goblet while the other is raised high, grasping a pitcher as if ready to pour the nectar for any of the Gods we might imagine. Her well formed head is poised beautifully on her slim neck and dainty shoulders, and her face portrays the distinct type of Grecian beauty—the straight shapely nose, high forehead, and thin, refined lips. The hair is parted in the middle and arrayed in a loose coil at the back of her head, and she wears the customary Greek band about her forehead.

There is something about this piece of marble statuary that holds one entranced for quite a while—and Hebe, the myth, almost becomes flesh and blood, and one longs to hear her speak. Forever and forever she stands lightly with one foot forward, the breeze blowing her transparant skirt behind her, her head proudly erect, and her hands raised high, always ready to pour the wine.

HATTIE ROBERTS '27

A Hot Summer Day

IT was noon on the twenty-fifth of July—the hottest day of the summer, according to the weather bureau.

Becoming uncomfortably oppressed by the heat in the house, I walked out on the porch and dropped limply into a wicker chair at the corner where a breeze is almost always stirring. But no breeze could be felt even there, and in the yard not a blade of grass was moving.

As I sat there, the sun, having reached its zenith, began slowly to descend westward and its throbbing rays fell upon the awnings on the porch. Instead of a cooling breeze I was fanned by waves of heat. The glare on the sand walks scorched my eyes. As I looked at the trees, I could almost see the leaves turn their faces downward in one last wilted droop. The flower blossoms had already withered in the sun.

Out in front, the asphalt road sent up a hot steam. I closed my eyes in an effort to shut out the heat, the glare, the suffocating stillness. Then it was that I heard the crunch of a horse's hoofs on gravel. I looked up and saw the ice wagon coming into the yard, with water streaming from the melting ice. There came over me a refreshing coolness which wafted me to an imaginary seashore, where I was soothed by delightful sea breezes.

LOUISE BURRISS, '27.

A Dingy Room

IT was a cloudy day in July. Everything was quiet and peaceful at Grandmother's house about four o'clock in the afternoon. For some reason,—I guess it was my superfluity of curiosity as well as my dreamy mood—I decided to visit the attic. I had always im-

agined it, as most of us do imagine all attics, as being a second Fairyland, a place filled with antique furniture and relics and a place where old love letters, tin-type pictures, and old-fashioned party dresses are stored away in trunks. I thought of this particular attic as a storehouse of the romance of my ancestors. So with a light heart and with my imagination running riot, I opened the door. As I started to ascend the narrow, steep stairway, I was almost overcome by the hot and stifling air. As I felt my way along the wall and climbed slowly up the steps, the place was so dark that I could hardly see my hand before my eyes. Finally I reached the top and stood bewildered in the dark and musty-smelling place. After standing at the entrance a few moments, I was able to distinguish one faint little ray of sunlight. I followed this finger of light and found that it came through the crack by the tiny window, the only window in the room. Immediately I opened it to let in light and air, the two things which were most needed. When I looked around, I saw my footprints in the dust which had settled deep on the floor. By that time my eyes had become accustomed to the dim light and I could see the contents of the room. The old and worn green plush morris chair which had belonged to Grandfather was now covered with dust and cobwebs. There was a shabby-looking trunk near the chair. When I opened it, the moulded odors mixed with that of camphor balls almost took my breath. The papers and letters in it were yellow with age and the writing was dim and faded. Most of them looked like business letters instead of the romantic epistles that I had anticipated reading. There were other broken and discarded pieces of furniture scattered about the room.

But I could endure the stale atmosphere no longer. Somehow I was disappointed. My long cherished

dream that Grandmother's attic was a Fairyland had vanished and I was left as disillusioned as the child who has just discovered who Santa Claus is.

LUCILE YOUNG '25

Dialogue Between Jessica and Lorenzo

JESSICA and Lorenzo sat hand in hand upon the deck of the ship that bore them to Genoa. The cool breeze blew against their faces and the bright morning sun turned everything about them to gold. They were content with all the world, content just to sit there in silence with each other. As Lorenzo caressed his bride's soft white hand, he noticed, upon Jessica's third finger, a lovely old ring he had not seen before. It was a clear, brilliant turquoise, set in a tiny old gold network of orange blossoms. The band of the ring was wide and the petals of the engraved flowers extended all around it. Observing it more closely, he became curious.

Lorenzo: Where, my Jessica, did you come by such an odd ring as this? It looks to be very old.

Jessica: And old it certainly is for my mother's mother had it of her husband who gave it as a betrothal gift. He bought it from an old sea captain who some say was once a pirate. Before the marriage of my mother she gave this same ring to seal her vow of love to my father.

Lorenzo: It is very beautiful indeed, but how is it that your father would part with a possession so precious to him?

Jessica: You may be sure that he did not part with it, my love. It was among the stones that I snatched up in my haste and as it is so pretty against my

white hand and goes so well with my eyes, I put it upon my finger.

Lorenzo: Ah, little Jessica, you are vain! I believe you think more of that mass of gold than you do of your own husband. Tell me, my own, do you love me more than you do that ring, more than all the rings, more than all the world?

Jessica: If blindness is a proof of love then I should have no cause to doubt your devotion, Lorenzo. Can you not see that I bedeck myself with all beautiful things only because I wish to please your two dear eyes? If your eyes could not behold me, then do you think I would care even for the most costly jewels? You are blind, blind, blind!

Lorenzo: You have spoken the truth, fair Jessica, I am blind to all but your own beauty. Your lips, your eyes, your teeth, and your hair are my jewels. They are like the richest rubies, the clearest turquoise, the purest pearls, and the blackest ebony. Yourself is enough, why should I see the poor gross imitations when I am allowed to behold the most precious of all?

Jessica: Lorenzo, every moment that I am beside you, every word that you speak to me makes my heart ache more and more with the greatness of my love for you. I care not for earthly things since our love is un-earthly—Ah, do you see that sailor coming yonder? See what a cunning monkey he carries on his shoulder? To prove how little I do care for this ring, I shall give it to that man; and if he will, he may give me the monkey in return. I shall sell my vanity for a monkey!

LOUISE WRAY '26

THE ORION

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WITHOUT a doubt, a college magazine represents the literary ability of the student body. It behooves us therefore to make our college magazine, The Orion, fit a standard that we, as a school, would not be ashamed to hold up as ours. In order to do this the manuscripts submitted must be of a high standard. We must have material to choose from. So submit enough that we will not have to accept everything but will be able to show some choice in selecting our material. We must have only the very best in The Orion. The number of contributions rejected determines the intrinsic value of a magazine as much as the number accepted.

Never stop writing because your manuscript was

not accepted. Some of our best writers had numbers of stories rejected before they finally were successful.

Who knows who in our midst will one day be famous as an author? There is no better place than The Orion for practice. Some one has said that now every third person is trying to write something: A short story, a one-act play, or a scenario. It has been conjectured that if some one should walk into the back of a Pullman car and shout very unexpectedly, "How's the last act of your play coming on?" that practically everybody would turn around self-consciously to see if he were being addressed. I wonder if I were to ask unexpectedly at some gathering of the student body, "How's your story, poem, or play for The Orion coming on?" How many of you would have a self-conscious and "guilty" feeling. I hope all of you would.

There are several reasons why you should contribute something to The Orion. First, I would be willing to guarantee that if you have never had anything published before that it will give you an entirely new thrill. That is something! Think of the thrill of seeing your name attached to what you yourself have composed and created! That's a thrill worth having.

Furthermore—and seriously—it is an honor to have a contribution accepted by your college magazine—or it should be. And I hope as time goes on it may be more of an honor, for I hope the standard of contributions will continually become higher and that only the very best need be accepted.

There are several material incentives that may encourage some to write. Mr. Erskine Gallant has for the past several years offered a medal for the best contribution to The Orion. This is not just an ordinary medal, but a very pretty gold pin on which is the Senior class seal surrounded by pearls.

The Orion itself is offering a prize this year of

\$25.00 to be divided between the two girls who have accepted for The Orion four contributions during the year. Fifteen dollars goes to the one who has the four best contributions and ten dollars to the one who has the four second best.

There is every reason why you should take pride in your college magazine and not a single one why you should not. So be loyal, and get to work!

Sweetness and Light

SWIFT says somewhere that the two noblest of things are sweetness and light,—and that both of them may be derived from the labor of the bees; that is, in the form of honey and wax. This I think is a very beautiful thought—that these little creatures, the bees, literally help to furnish the world with sweetness and light.

Wouldn't it be a wonderful thing to have that said of us as students,—that by our labor we actually give the world sweetness and light? But we can't in the way that the bees do. We cannot extract and collect the sweetness from flowers and make a concentrated sweetness called honey and we cannot begin to form a honey comb of wax, one of the most perfect of mechanisms. But I believe that we, as human beings, can give the world sweetness and light. Swift suggests a way for us. He says that sweetness symbolizes spiritual beauty, and light, intellectual breadth. And this spiritual sweetness and intellectual light that we human beings are capable of giving to the world are much finer even than the bees' sweetness and light. They are better because ideal and eternal, and are more to be desired than fine gold.

The gladdest season of the year is approaching—the Christmas season—what Dean Farrar has called

the "Festival of Hope". It should be more than the celebration of a great historical event. At this modern Christmas season when the air is full of broadcasted music and the atmosphere is so easily charged with good cheer, we have an excellent opportunity of sending out sweetness and light in the true Christ-spirit.

The South Carolina College Press Association met in Greenville this year, entertained by G. W. C., and Furman. It was a wonderfully enthusiastic meeting! Here we gained aspirations of such a nature that if we attain them, you will have to "sit up and take notice" of us.

Several of the big newspaper men of the state spoke. They all impressed us with the fact that we were the ones to whom they were looking for the editors and staffs of the magazines in the future. They made us thoroughly realize the responsibility that belongs to us as the staffs of our different college magazines. One speaker stressed the fact that the college magazine should be the representative of our college life. It was then that this editor realized the immensity of her task—that of putting before the world something that is representative of Anderson College.

We gained a very different point of view concerning the relation of our college magazines and newspapers to the college life. The newspaper, contrary to our former opinion, plays the bigger part in this life today. It has advanced with the demands made of it, while the magazine is not responding to the developments in the literary world. Why can't we wake up and put the magazine in the lead?

G. W. C. and Furman proved the best of hosts. A volume could be written on the excellent way in which we were entertained. One of the big features on the

program was the annual banquet of the Greenville Chamber of Commerce at which we were guests. There we had the privilege of hearing the Honorable Carter Glass speak.

ESTHERIAN SOCIETY

VINETA CUNNINGHAM

The Estherians are rejoicing over the fact that their sponsor, Miss Lucille Burriss, who was at Cornell University last year, has returned. We feel that with her helpful counsel and with the leadership of our president, Miss Colie Blease, the society has a very successful year before it.

One of the most exciting happenings in the college during the month of September is the entertainments given by the Laniers and Estherians, for the new girls. This year the Estherians gave a vaudeville. Everybody who came remarked that it was a delightful entertainment. Invitations were sent out in the form of tickets, and printed programs were given at the door with the Estherian symbol, the star, stamped on the back. A burlesque presentation of the comedy of Pyramus and Thisbe, given by the Athenian Workmen, taken from Shakespeare's play, "A Midsummer Night's Dream", furnished a unique pleasure. The "Glow-Worm" dance, by Frances Wever, our mascot, added much to the joy of the evening.

The Estherians are proud to announce also that they have the honor of having the debate cup in their keeping until the next inter-society debate, and, of course, they hope to have it afterward.

The first meeting on November 1, was taken up with the initiation ceremony, which is very impressive. The society is studying the short-story this year and is having interesting programs.

LANIER SOCIETY

CONSTANCE PRATT

On September ninth, as a large number of new girls made their appearance at Anderson College, each Lanier was on the alert and determined to put forth every effort to win as many as possible to her society.

In order to show the new girls how delighted we were to have them among us, the Laniers entertained them on Saturday night, September twentieth, in the gymnasium. Each new girl received an invitation, in the form of a goose, bearing these words:

Goosey, goosey, gander
Where shall we wander?
Down to the gym at half
after eight.
We'll recall old nursery
rhymes
And have the jolliest
times.
Come as a little girl
If you are not too
sedate.

The gym was effectively decorated in purple and white. Suspended from the posts was an immense spider-web. On entering, each girl proceeded to unwind a string, at the end of which was found the ever-enjoyable "lolly-pop". After being served with sandwiches, cake, and fruit punch, many familiar "Mother Goose" stories were illustrated by means of shadow pictures. At the close of the program a large "Jack Horner" pie was placed in the center of the room. There was great excitement and much laughter as each

guest drew a souvenir from the pie. The new girls did not seem at all like strangers to us. They were so full of "pep" that we longed to win every one of them for Laniers.

Finally the night came when each of our new girls must make her choice between Lanier and Estherian. To our great joy, at seven-thirty o'clock, on October third, thirty-one new girls heard our call and followed us to the Gym, where they were greeted with open arms and hearts. After much cheering, the entire Society walked to town and was treated to ice cream.

COLLEGE NEWS

SARA PRUITT

The new student body falls in line! Compliments pour in from everywhere on the new girls. Why, we were even afraid it would go to their heads. But we are proud to claim them as our own and by now they have already gotten the good old Anderson spirit of which the college boasts and is proud.

The Sophomores, in order that the Freshmen would not feel left alone, gave to each Freshman a Sophomore sister to look after her—show her how to dress—how to arrange her hair—how to walk, run and have respect for her superiors. New drilling lasted only a week because the freshmen proved to be quick pupils and soon were known because their striking appearance seemed to attract every eye. A course was given in making announcements in the dining-room and when the week was over, not a single Freshman had a black mark!

Miss Matthews took the girls on an early morning hike September 12. Yes, we agree with Dr. Knight—"She is wide awake."

The formal opening of Anderson College was held September 12. The new faculty members were introduced to the public—"we like 'em".

The Y. W. C. A. party on Saturday night, September 13, for the new girls, was a very jovial occasion. It was informal and every new girl was made to feel welcome. There was a little program given in the auditorium, followed by games on the campus. There were plenty of "eats" all the time. Bags of goodies were given to everyone. The next two Saturday nights

were given over to the two Literary Societies for their parties. The new girls declared them very attractive.

On October 9, instead of a regular Y. W. C. A. program there was a get together marshmallow toast. Every girl, wrapped in her blanket, went out at ten o'clock bell to the campus where they found a bright fire. There we sang college songs, toasted marshmallows, and, after singing "Taps" at ten-thirty, went in.

The Y. W. C. A. carnival on October 13, was a great success. Everybody had a good time and besides—we're out of debt!!

On October 20, the Sophomores had a picnic. They dined in the open air at Cater's field.

October was surely not forgotten this year. She was duly celebrated. A whole day was given to her and to the college girls on October 21, at the country club.

October 25, Mrs. Crossland was determined not to let the Seniors have all the good times and so she served a grand dinner. We might well call it a banquet. The Seniors were adorned in all their glory and gave everyone a thrill as they seated themselves at the senior table. The dining room was all spooky and the old crook was brought before us. Everyone sang praises to the Seniors. We admit they are the spice of the dining-room. After this the Sophomores entertained their sisters at Bigby's.

On November 6, "Fair Day," Dr. Knight let us be children once more and go and take it all in. Oh! Dr. Knight, we love you!

ATHLETICS

NELLIE ESKEW

Razzle, Dazzle
Hobble, Gobble
Cis! Boom! Bah!
Matthews, Matthews!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

We are indeed proud of Miss Matthews, our new "Gym" teacher. She came to us this year after a very successful year at Chicago University. Already we are being made conscious of the great, as well as the vital, importance of physical culture. The gymnasium work does not consist merely of drilling and marching in the gymnasium but a great deal of time is spent in hiking and various out-door sports.

The Athletic Association has met several times and from reports is planning wonderful things. The officers for the year are as follows: President, Sara Power; Vice-President, Ruth Todd; Secretary and Treasurer, Carine Dominick; Cheer leaders, Sara Brown and Ellen Wray. A constitution has been drawn up which will be made permanent, and we hope to see it in the handbook next year.

Gym work is not all, for we are planning basket and volley ball games and tennis tournaments. We are expecting this to be the greatest year we have ever had at Anderson, because all the girls, both old and new, are showing so much enthusiasm.

RELIGIOUS ACTIVITIES

MARY WATTS

One of the greatest factors in the life of the Anderson College girl is her religion. Someone may ask, "Are young people interested in such things when they are laughed at in so many circles today?" The answer comes clear and strong, without the least shadow of a doubt, "They are". The religious activities have furnished the girls not only real good for their spiritual selves, but many wonderful and happy times together. A great interest has been shown this year in the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. W. A. The first organization mentioned was in debt at the beginning of the fall term. To raise this money they enthusiastically got together, gave a carnival where everything was sold from hot-dogs to red lemonade. Not only did they make money, but they made many homesick hearts happy that night. The meetings in these organizations have been very instructive and beneficial. The B. Y. P. U., the Morning Watch, and the Vesper Services hold a special interest in many hearts.

The annual Mission Study Course of the Y. W. A. was held at Anderson College during the week of November 17th to 21st. As our teachers we had Mrs. George E. Davis of Orangeburg, Miss Vonnie Lance, of Columbia, S. C., and Miss Lila Watson, who is on a furlough from China, where she is doing mission work. The classes were all well attended and quite a number of the girls took the examinations for certificates and seals.

I am sure when we go out from this school, the memories of our religious meetings will invariably be the deepest, the most abiding, and the most precious.

EXCHANGES

CORINE DOMINICK

This, our first edition of The Orion, bears greetings to all old exchanges and a welcome to any new ones. We are looking forward to a year of great literary accomplishments.

We know that The Orion will profit much by coming in contact with other college magazines and so we ask your help and offer our help to you. Our purpose is to make this department valuable for all who wish to make exchanges. We hope to give such constructive criticism as will aid in building up the literary standard of each magazine received by us and by this we will form closer relationship with other colleges. We will appreciate your criticism, for it is through it that we hope to improve our magazine.

The October issue of The Wofford College Journal is very good, only we miss the Joke Department. "Cold Spinach" would be good if made into a comedy but it is treated too lightly to be a tragedy. "Old Fashioned Flowers" is worth reading.

The Winthrop Journal is a creditable magazine. "Noyes, the Sane Idealist" is interesting and shows deep thought. The poems on the whole are thought provoking and come up to our idea of real poetry. "On Our Bookshelves" is well arranged. The reviews show a critical appreciation and give a definite idea of the books mentioned. There is a quality of sincerity and vigor in this review.

The material in The Collegian on a whole is rather scant. "Fraternity" is well developed but we noticed one mis-spelled word. "All right" is two words instead

of one. "Retrospection" is the best poem of this issue and deserves special mention.

The Carolinian contains an article on Joseph Conrad which deserves high commendation. The logical arrangement of the material makes it very interesting. "The Best Man" is a readable story. We also find the Book Review Department in this magazine and we think it is indeed a profitable addition to any magazine.

We have received the following magazines: The Wofford College Journal, The Winthrop Journal, The Collegian, and The Carolinian.

ALUMNAE NEWS

The November meeting of the Alumnae Association was held at the home of Mrs. Harrell Wilson; Mesdames Wilson, Wilbur White, and Misses Lucile Burriss, Hattie Fay, Ouida Pattison, and Ad Lene Jones acting as hostesses.

The most important discussion of the afternoon was that concerning a hundred-dollar scholarship which the Alumnae voted unanimously to give to the College.

A report of Alumnae Day held at Anderson College in October was made. The chapel hour was given to the Alumnae who presented to the students plans for a "Song Contest" which is to take place in the college dining hall on Tuesday evening before the Christmas holidays. The object of this contest is to arouse and stimulate college spirit. To the class which sings the best, the Alumnae will give a silver loving cup.

After the business meeting a most interesting program was given, the main feature being a debate: "Resolved, that it is better to be married than single." Affirmative: Mrs. L. H. Anderson, Mrs. Wilbur White. Negative: Miss Ad Lene Jones, Miss Hattie Fay.

It may be of interest to those who are single to know that the negative won.

PERSONAL NOTES

We welcome to our Alumnae Cradle Roll little Lois Anderson Sullivan, Jr.

Mr. and Mrs. Winston Smith have a son—Norman Murray—born in October. Mrs. Smith was before her marriage Miss Helen Willis.

Mrs. Max Rice of Belton, has a young son, born the first of November.

It is with interest that we learn of the approaching marriage of Lois Johnson to a Macon lawyer.

Annie Pearle Shirley was married on September 24th to Mr. Ross D. Plank, of Alfred, New York. They are now living in Culver City, California.

Miss Clara McGee is teaching in Arcadia, Florida.

Miss Esther Lassiter is teaching in Winston-Salem, North Carolina.

Miss Dorothy Burnett is teaching primary work in the schools of Clayton, North Carolina.

Misses Anna Dean McFall, Jessie Sullivan, Lovelene Glymph, and Mary Paget are teaching in the public schools of Anderson.

Miss Lydia Burriss, of the Class of '23, is Deputy Clerk of Federal Court in Greenville, S. C.

EXPRESSION DEPT.

Yes, we're back with all our zeal and energy with our hearts bent on making this the most successful year in the history of the department. We are inspired by the fresh material. A goodly number are majoring in Expression.

This year there are two assembly classes. We are divided, but all are working for the same goal: to become quick thinkers, interesting conversationalists, beneficial critics, and even public speakers. We get our training by being called on to give extemporaneous discussions on any subject that Mrs. Pratt desires to choose. The improvement in some cases is remarkable. Each time we see a battle won over timidity.

Really we think there is more variety in the Expression department than in any other. Although the assembly class comes in the afternoon, we never hear a lament that we have to go to the class. The girls rather look forward to it because each time there are new programs and various amusements. Every phase of college life is discussed by the girls themselves. In this way we get the ideas of others, we learn to know the girls, and at the same time we see our own faults and can profit by the mistakes of others.

At present we are making ourselves fit to appear on the stage without stage fright. In the future we hope to present a play.

The new officers for the year are:

Constance Pratt	President
Bertha Kelly	Vice-President
Carolinda Bates	Secretary
Leila Curtis	Treasurer
Sara Pruitt	Reporter

JOKES

SARA LOU WESTMORELAND

"For beauty I am not a star
There are others more handsome far,
But my face, I don't mind it,
For I am behind it,
It's the people in front that I jar".

—Woodrow Wilson's favorite limerick.

"A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."
—Exchange.

"Remember well and bear in mind,
A real good joke is hard to find;
And when we find a joke that's new,
Please don't get sore if that joke's on you."

—The Bailey Bayonet.

Miss Hoyt to Cynthia Waters, who was sitting with her feet in the aisle and her mouth full of gum: "Cynthia, take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in."

Lois Simpson: "Are late hours good for two?"
Fredna Creech: "No, but they are fine for two."

Nell Martin: I have an appetite like a canary."
Jewel Wyllie: "Yes, you have. You eat a peck at a time."

"Liza, I'se gwine to kiss yuh when Ah goes."
"Black boy, leave dis hear house at once."

Miss McIntosh: "Can you tell me about Mason and Dixon's line?"

Mary Burton: "I don't believe I ever met them."

Alex: "Ellen dear, for business reasons you know our engagement must be kept secret."

Ellen: "Yes, that's just what I've been telling everybody."

He who laughs last is usually the dumbest.

"Of all life's disappointments,
None holds such keen regret,
As when, in reaching for a peach
A lemon's what you get."

Lillian Young: (Striving diligently to cut some lettuce), "This lettuce is surely hard to cut."

Cynthia Waters: "No wonder, it's full of iron."

Freshman: "Who is the smallest man in history?"

Soph: "I give up."

Fresh: "Why, the Roman soldier who slept on his watch."

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea;
But could you break for forty years,
You couldn't be as broke as me."

New information about Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: Henry Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, while his parents were traveling in Europe. He had many fast friends, among whom the fastest were Pheobe and Alice Cary.

If every woman's face was her fortune, some would be arrested for counterfeiting.

Sarah Brown (in International Relations Club):
"Well, Miss McIntosh, who was this General-illissimo?"

Miss McIntosh: "General-illissimo was the man in charge of all the allied troops."

Frances Knight: "Illissimo was the general's name, Sarah."

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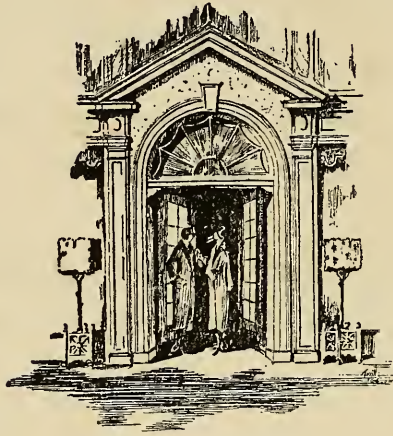
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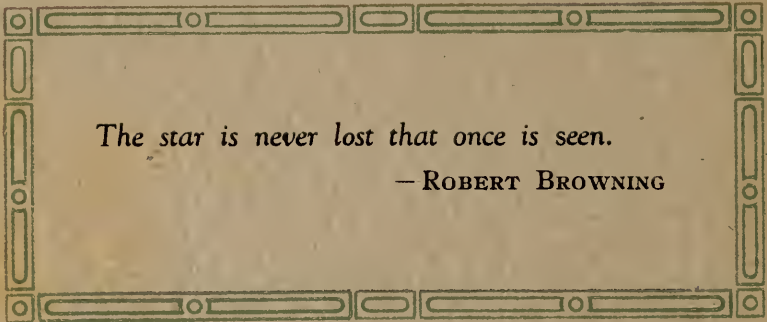
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I would rather fail in a cause that will ultimately triumph than to triumph in a cause that will ultimately fail.

—WOODROW WILSON



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